

Shaker Manifesto.

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No. VIII.

[The following Letter is a reply to an invitation from Stephen Pearl Andrews, of New York, extended to Giles B. Avery, to attend a Colloquium, in that city, “to forecast and inaugurate that grand reconciliation, mutual acceptance, and harmony, which, is believed may be the basis of the religion of the future.”]

Mount Lebanon, N. Y. Apr. 1882.

Respected Friend:—Your kind letter of the 28, ult., is before us; please excuse delay in reply, as our duties, and absence from home must account for the same.

We cannot fail to be interested in the “quest of truth” and “in the mutual harmony and acceptance of the religion of the future.” But, our personal duties are such, it does not appear, at this moment, to be consistent for the writer to attend the “Colloquium” therefore beg you to accept our thanks for the interest you take in our noble cause—the universal blessing of humanity; and your special respect to the Shaker Institution.

In lieu of attendance to your noble, purposed convention, we will present just a few leading ideas in behalf of

universal human weal; leaving denominational “issues,” out in the cold. And, first, of the question which Pilate put to Jesus. “What is truth?” Jesus never answered it, except in reference to its religious character. In this capacity, he said, “I am the truth,” that is, my life’s mission; my testimony of theory and practice! Our answer to the question, in its universal bearing, is this, Truth, is the manifesto of those principles, that, in their application to the pursuits of life, eventuate in the development, elevation and perfection of humanity, and culminate in the glory of God.

To define truth in all its varied phases of relations to science, art, conventional propriety, social, political, and religious economy, and delineate it in its multi-form ramifications, would require volumes, instead of sentences. But to refer to religious truth, we would suggest that it is not an article made of the metal of human sophisms, or philosophy and tempered in a theological bath! It

would be falsehood to assert that there are no expressions of a measure of truth in the sentimental frame work of the multiform theologies which are the products of the labored speculations of the human mind; because each one, and all of them have a few golden nuggets of truth mid the vast amount of speculative debris, that makes up the bulk of their denominational characteristics and differences.

But, Creeds which shroud faith and religion in mystery and inconsistency; which make God a revengful Tyrant, more cruel in his purposes than the savages of the cannibal races; creeds which despoil justice of her rewards, and give the lie to God's goodness and love; his charity and mercy make as chaff; and crown the fiat of his alleged decrees with daggers which pierce the human soul with horror, and anoint the murderous wounds with despair, cannot be models of Truth.

In this, we refer to what many theologians teach as the "vicarious atonement of Jesus," for the sins of all who affect to believe in his divinity, and confess him to be the Savior of man in sin, by, and through his sufferings for sin! instead of a salvation from sin; which, especially, was his mission!

Much pseudo christianity teaches salvation simply from the consequences of sin!

In this theology is taught, 1st. That Jesus is God. 2nd. That Mary was the mother of God. 3rd. That the Holy Ghost is God. That Jesus, God's son is as old as his Father, and older than his mother; that these three are One and this One is three! That these three are all eternal, and yet one of them is a son: and this son was begotten, but

not made! Was this sophistical theology the fruit of some ancient "Curriculum?"

In this remark we would not be understood, as treating with levity the noble pursuits of truth's quest; these we revere; but mean that we consider religious truth makes an end of a sinful life, revealing sin as a violation of God's law, and a life of practical obedience to the precepts of Christ. the culmination of righteousness, peace, and universal unity. Now, friend Andrews, while we have the greatest respect to all efforts to improve human society, when we reflect upon the world's history, and consider how many "Colloquiums" have been inaugurated to invent and establish a universal religion, and how fruitless have been all religions, so called, of human origin, we shrink from the effort of repeating the vain endeavor.

The decline of the influence of the Churches, and the diminished power of the pulpit, is directly traceable to the want of vitality and saving power in the theologies of human production, scholastically called, and studied, as religion. And the deserved fact that the great mass of religions professed, do not alter and improve the lives of religious professors. Amid the storms of human ambition, pride, prejudice and contention that always bear sway, to a great extent, in Colloquial organizations, we confidently rely on the truth standard that Christ hath reared, with its eternal increase in grace and loveliness. The great mistakes of the present churchal influence, are. I. An attempt to harmonize the Church and the world! II. An effort to combine, in one churchal organization, before there is a spiritual harmony in the understandings and

heart's emotions of the different religious professors. III. A harmony of denominations, before there is a harmony and unity of faith. IV. To convert religion into a mere theology. V. To embody, in a communistic relation, souls who have not been baptized into, nor grown up unto, a union of spirit.

All communions formed on a mere external or material basis, for external purposes only, without reference to unity of spirit, must fail, for it lacks the foundational principle of success!

Thus, friend Andrews, you will observe, that the Shaker idea is, I. That religion is not theology. II. That no human institution of theology that can be devised, will ever, be a reliable basis for a unification of the human family in religion.

III. That the Truth, in religion, is already revealed, and need no colloquial tinkering to render it perfect. IV. Shakers do not believe that the mere profession of faith in any special theory or dogma of theological opinion, constitutes true religion. This is accomplished only by living in harmony with the same principles of Truth that Jesus Christ lived.

What is needed for humanity's weal, is a religion and moral philosophy which will inspire patriotism and hold us strenuously to the work of making the earth a clean, orderly, and wholesome dwelling place, for human beings. All that is good and true, in the religious element of life, will work to disentangle itself from the worldly, sensual and narrow interests of the carnal life. Our religion should be utilitarian, understandable, and comprehensible, freed from mysteries, whether of God, Angels, Heaven, Hell or in the social relations.

True religion consists, I. Of faith in God, as a Supreme being, unto whom all intelligent beings are accountable for the conduct of their lives.

II. Of faith in Man as a Creature of God, unto whom the same regard for the good feelings of brother and sister, should be exercised as unto ones-self.

III. In a practical obedience to the dictates of this faith, so that life's deeds will be a blessing to the doer, and work no ill to any creature of God.

While Shakers understand that Truth is an eternal reality, and that all phases of its manifestations are necessary, and living stones in its glorious temple, they do not believe that any formulated opinions of mere human conception, anchored at the dock of Creed has chained the heavenly Argosy of Divine Truth, with all her cargo of revelations, within the finite harbor of human attainments. She is out upon the boundless ocean of God's wisdom and love; and, though she may often come to human port, with her cargo, will never be chained to the dock of any finished Venice on a human strand.

Your friend kindly,

GILES B. AVERY.

AMERICA.

CECELIA DEYER.

A captive on her own domain,
A half bewildered, passive slave,
Her song to Liberty as vain,
As music breathed above a grave.
There is no time to sing, or dream,
No moments for the banquet hall:
Behold the cloud! whose lightnings' beam
Is like the writing on the wall.
With childish pride, elate and warm,
She sees the past with ruddy sky,
Unconscious of the fearful storm
That darkly, wildly gathers nigh.

Her laborers in their need for bread,
 Implore her for the right to toil:
 She drops her hands, she droops her head,
 And whispers, "This is freedom's soil."
 Above her breath, she dare not speak,
 Her tyrants, awe her, with their might.
 She scarcely knows that she is weak,—

Or that the right, is right.—

Whence is this power, this conquest sore?
 At which her lips may not demur!

No hostile foot, is on her shore,
 No foreign foe has conquered her,
 But many masters, calls she lord,
 And many kings she must obey.
 Monopolists! a selfish horde,
 Degrade America to-day.

From vallies to the mountain tops,
 Her heavy golden harvests stand.
 Her soil is teeming with its crops,
 Yet want is seen on every hand.

The factory and the foundry's still,
 Are only making broken sounds.

The work-shops long untrodden, till
 With rankest weeds and grasses crowned.

And idlers, idlers every where,
 And tramps that no one could employ,
 Till Satan takes them in his care
 And makes their wreckless hands destroy.

The crimson flame is in the sky,
 The crimson blood is on the ground,
 But crimson of a deeper dye
 Might on the Nation's face be found.

For she who saw not the distress,
 Nor heard the pleadings of her throngs,
 Could call her armies to suppress
 The rage that swelled against their wrongs.

O had she heard them when they cried,
 And waked to effort for their good,
 Prosperity would now be wide,
 Where desolation's terror brood.

But wealth above, and mines below,
 And commerce on the open sea,
 One clutching, grasping system know,
 One law, and that, monopoly.

Can God forgive a sin so great?

O ye who have it in your power?

You tamper with the bolt of fate,
 If you delay a single hour.

You were combined to work this woe,
 Combine again to be its doom,
 The coming destiny o'er throw,
 And make the desert places bloom;

The land shall not in bondage groan,
 Though you refuse to make it free,
 For God e'er long will claim his own,
 And give it back to Liberty.

Mount Lebanon, N. Y.

ELIJAH WILDS.

(CONTINUED FROM LAST NUMBER.)

The spirit of opposition and cruel persecution which was raised against Mother and the Elders, and the patience, meekness and charity which they manifested under it, was a most striking evidence of their Christ like spirit, and a powerful confirmation of the divine origin and heavenly purity of that gospel which they preached. A remarkable instance of this took place while they were at my house.

In consequence of Mother's testimony against all sin, and every kind of impurity of the flesh and spirit, and the great conviction it produced among the people in this vicinity, a tumultuous mob was raised, mostly from the town of Harvard, and consisting altogether of the enemies of the cross. They came on Sabbath evening, June 1, 1783, about eight o'clock, and surrounded the house. Some of the leaders had been captains in the militia, and still bore that title. About one hundred men followed them for the evident purpose of abusing Mother Ann and the Elders. They surrounded the house all night, and would suffer no one to go out, excepting one woman, who had left her infant at home, unprotected. By her we sent information of these proceedings to Thomas Buckmore, an officer of the town, who came in the morning with a constable.

When daylight appeared, the leaders of the mob called for Mother Ann and the Elders to come out to them, but they

did not think proper to comply. By permission the leaders now entered the house, when Mother and the Elders requested us to prepare some breakfast for them, and these men sat down to eat. Mother then advised me to carry some food to those who were in the door yard. All ate freely; after this the Elders went among the men and Elder James addressed them as follows;—

“Why have you come here to abuse or to hurt us? What have we done? Have we injured your persons or property? If we have, make us sensible of it, and we will make you restitution.”

These words so enraged the mob, that they seized him by one arm, and the brethren by the other, and held him, till he cried out. “Lord have mercy! you will pull me to pieces!!” At this cry the hands of the mob were loosed from him. At this instant, Thomas Buckmore came forward and commanded the peace, and ordered the mob to disperse. This produced, in them, some fear, and after considerable parley they requested that the two Elders, William Lee and James Whittaker, would go with them to Jeremiah Willard’s, a man of professed faith, who lived in Harvard, promising that they should not be hurt. They pretended that their only wish was to get them from this place, and have them leave the town.

Although the Elders had no confidence in their promises, yet, wishing to save Mother Ann from their cruel hands, they agreed to go. Several of the brethren accompanied them, while Mother Ann was left at my house. Most of the mob followed the Elders to Harvard.*

*After reaching Harvard Elder James Whittaker was bound to a tree and, most inhumanly scourged by the mob as above nar-

At evening, the Elders returned and were gladly received by Mother Ann and the brethren and sisters, at our house. Have they abused you, James? said Mother. It was soon ascertained that his wounded back was covered with blood, caused by whipping at the hands of the mob. Many places from his shoulders to his waist was bruised to a jelly. “I have been abused, said he; but not for any wrong that I have done them; it is for your sakes. I feel nothing against them for what they have done to me, for they were ignorant, and knew not what they did, nor what manner of spirit controlled them.” Mother Ann, and all the company present, now kneeled and prayed to God to forgive their wicked persecutors. Elder James cried heartily, and said, “Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.”

After praying for their enemies, Mother Ann and the Elders were filled with joy and thankfulness, that they were counted worthy to suffer persecution for Christ’s sake.

As they prayed for their persecutors in the spirit of love they endured their sufferings with meekness and patience, which were evidences to me that they possessed a treasure above all earthly treasures, and a power beyond all human power. My sincere prayer now, is that

rated. Father William Lee was saved from this cruelty by the Believers who received the blows that were aimed at him. One of the persecutors struck Sister Lucy Prescott in the face, causing the blood to flow from the wound. Lucy’s former husband was present, and one of them called out,—“See what you have done to that man’s wife.” At this the mob dispersed, and the Believers returned home. On the 27th, of May 1882 a lot of land inclosing the place where the tree stood was deeded to the Believers; a fact that will, no doubt, give pleasure to the many who have visited the place.

this spirit of God may find an entrance into the hearts of the children of men, and lead them into the way of purity and holiness.—

Shirley Mass. 1826.

THE INCOMING WOMAN.

OLIVE F. CHANDLER.

Behold in the distance, the incoming woman!
No tarnish of fashion, no sham or display;
So divinely majestic, a halo precedes her,
Illuming earth's pathway by night and by day.
She's risen superior to sensuous desires;
A magnet of love, drawing higher mankind;
She's chaste, pure and gentle, yet strong and
courageous,

Her sceptre is truth and her mission divine.
O welcome with gladness, ye brave sons and
noble!

Her advent is seen in vast beauties revealed;
In tastes so artistic in paintings and flowers,
She's opened new fountains of art long concealed.

O heed her' all nations, and list to her
pleadings

She's wisdom eternal and culture divine.
O trust her and garner her spirit and power,
The image of God doth her being enshrine.
She's coming my friends, lo, her spring-time
is nearing!

The true buds of promise are swelling to
bloom;

The breezes all laden with essence of healing,
Will bring a new era and banish the gloom,
Her brothers no longer may dare to oppress
her,

In her their true equal and helper is seen;
So pure is her presence, so chastened her
spirit,

The "kingdom" is "come," and she reigneth
its Queen.

Ayer, Mass.

An Ark.—An ark two hundred feet long is being built by an Iowa man, who believes that a second flood will take place in 1885. He intends, however, to take passengers at \$ 5000 each, and expects to make a fortune.

—*Plain Dealer.*

COMMUNAL RELATIONS. No. 2.

OLIVER C. HAMPTON.

Tyranny is an unmitigated curse under all circumstances. It is no part of a christian government nor of a christian spirit. Those who allow themselves to be influenced by its dictates, are unfit for Directors of the affairs of a Community. They are even unfit members of such Community, unless they reform. Some persons having experienced the baleful effects of tyranny upon themselves, become so desperate and indignant, as to propose to throw off all restraint and to become as it were, outlaws. They at least propose to strike such an independent attitude as to ignore all government external to themselves.

But this it seems to me would strike at the very foundation of all community life, yea, and utterly annihilate it. Now we are all fallible beings. We are brought into contact with earth and its conditions that we may have a school of discipline. We are likewise placed in community life, that we may have a chance to further and complete that discipline. As we come to be developed from infancy to the period of old age we gradually discover many faults, sinful proclivities and idiosyncracies disagreeable to others and tormenting to ourselves. Some of these are acquired, most of them entailed, all of them hateful. We should grow out of them and we must have time for it.

Tyranny is one of these and they are few and far between indeed, who have not one atom of it in their make up. Then there are envy, jealousy, passionateness, impatience, impurity and about a thousand more equally unbearable rudimentalisms to be gotten clear of through

the splendid discipline of our community life. And blessed, thrice blessed is he who can afford to submit to the refining ordeal. No language can do justice to the after-glory of such melting of these crude elements "with fervent heat" and their final transmutation into the fine gold of resulting and eternal fruitious. No one can know these things but those who have actually submitted to this salutary discipline and calmly passed into the region beyond.

Will any one then resort to the suicidal policy of ignoring the necessity for Directors in the affairs of our community life, or refuse to be governed and externally influenced by the administration thereof, because sometimes such administration may appear tyrannical or possibly be so, occasionally, to some painful extent?

Organization in our community implies a systematic arrangement, scientifically looking to the greatest possible advantage and success from organized effort. It also keeps forever in view the sublime and benevolent law of the greatest possible good to the greatest possible number. But do away with authority's Directors and the obligations to yield a cheerful intelligent compliance to their administration, and the whole communal structure goes to pieces under the inexorable law of disintegration and repulsion. Most assuredly none of us can afford to do this; for this pentecostal arrangement with all its faults is the very best system of communal life ever yet evolved; far seeing in results as the gleams of glory which passed across the halcyon horoscope of the ancient seers and sages.

But again, our Institution is a self-mending machine, a constantly improving and progressing community; and

will finally eradicate all its crudities, all elements of unkindness, oppression tyranny and all the rest. This is one of its crowning glories. It is the embodiment of a great and sublime concatenation of events at one end of which God and higher intelligences are at work and we at the other. They are laying down the cross ties of Love and Wisdom, and we furnishing the rails, ballasting and rolling stock. They impart the holy fervors of Inspiration and we the crude ores to be transmuted by them into pure metal. We furnish the sorrows and sacrifice, they, the forces of pure love, sympathy and encouragement to melt them down into the contentment and peace which passeth all understanding."

We unfortunately contribute a great amount of "dross and tin" and they, the fire to consume it. With these very considerable taxes raised on what in moments of pain and despair we might be inclined to call our calamities, will it not be best to bear patiently, even a little oppression, than by resisting the same to rob one's self of pentecostal blessings, and the temporal and spiritual advantages of communal life, and by continuing and widening the policy of resistance, to finally disintegrate and destroy the whole organic structure and annihilate all the blessings of a systematic arrangement, the most perfect ever yet originated on earth?

I am looking at this whole subject through the lens of experience, am not the least inclined to speculate upon any communistic El Dorado, flowered over with Utopian forecasts of an Elysian existence not possible to be realized on this earth, so long as man is so full of evil as at present and likely to be as long as I live at least.

I know what it is to be oppressed both in fact and in imagination. I think I have been down to the very bottom of this Jordan and felt all its waves roll over me. So that I am not without deep lasting sympathy for any and all who may now be passing through that fearful river of experience. And now may thorns grow in place of roses and thistles in place of wheat, if I ever knowingly exercise a spirit of tyranny and oppression toward any one; under this blessed resolution I doubt not has been one of the good fruits extorted from the arid soil of these very experiences which I resolved to bear, and the painful discipline by which I determined to profit.

Dear reader, if you do not see the point "be you a doer of the work and you shall know of the doctrine whether it be true or whether I speak of myself" as Jesus proposes.

Union Village, Ohio.

ETERNAL LIFE.

NANCY G. DANFORTH.

What is it? It is a life which we may live through all eternity without a desire of change in the order of it. We may still be progressing, traveling from one degree of perfection to another; drawing nearer ever nearer to God, the Source of all life.

The Savior says, "My sheep hear my voice and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish." Thus we find that this life which we seek is obtained by becoming a follower of Christ. Being thus sheltered from the tumultuous storms of strife and ambition, which so fiercely rage among the children of this world,

while contending for wealth, or unmerited fame, we turn the warfare within to overcome all that would render life unholy; those conditions which would make eternity unpleasant to contemplate.

The strife of the true disciple is to live in peace; to speak kindly to all; to forgive the erring, and let the love of God reign supremely in the soul, governing every act of the life.

Where these principles are lived they will create a state so happy that we shall not wish a change; but would have it grow into more and more of heaven, even upon earth. In this way we are sowing seed, the fruits of which we shall be willing to reap, and thus lay hold on Eternal Life.

Canterbury, N. H.

PETER AYERS.

BY HENRY C. BLINN.

The subject of our sketch was born in Voluntown Conn. Sep. 12, 1760. He was of German descent and a man of remarkable physical endurance. Loving liberty more than he loved life, he entered the army as a volunteer and had the pleasure of witnessing the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne at Bemis' heights, Oct. 16, 1777.

In the year 1854 when Peter was 94 years of age he related to the writer of this notice, the following; "At the age of 14 years I removed to the State of New York, with my parents, and remained with them till about twenty years of age.

In the month of May, 1780, I heard of Mother Ann and the Elders, who then resided at Niskeyuna and came to the conclusion to visit them. Previous to this I had convictions in my mind re-

specting my lost condition, and had been blessed with spiritual manifestations in which were represented those whom we call the people of God. The exact likeness of this vision I afterward found to be in Mother Ann and her followers.

At the time of my first visit to this religious order, I thought I would take express pains, in regard to myself, and not be deceived by any one. My visit was one largely fraught with curiosity, as I at this time supposed them to be a deluded people. In order to be doubly guarded, I concluded to take some food with me, that I need not be obliged to accept an invitation to eat at their table.

I was very kindly received and conversed freely with several of the Shakers, upon the matters of common interest, till the first half of the day had nearly passed away. Being at this time in conversation with Elder John Hocknell, he extended an invitation for me to dine with them, when Mother Ann immediately remarked, 'We will let our brother Peter eat the food which he has brought with him, as he prefers to do that, rather than to dine with us.'

How Mother knew my mind in this respect, I am unable to tell, as I was very careful of my words, in regard to the course I had chosen to follow. They then invited me to remain with them over the Sabbath, and Elder John Hocknell said very kindly and seriously, 'Young man, you ought this day to confess your sins to God, and live a new life; I told him 'I knew it was a wicked spirit that made me commit sin, and it was wrong to keep the works of darkness hid, but it was my choice to return home, as I wished to labor in my mind respecting what I had seen and heard.'

While I was maturing this thought,

Mother Ann said, 'Let Peter go home to his parents, and have time to labor in his mind, and then he can come again.' When Mother Ann spoke this, I thought she knew me, and could discover the innermost feelings of my heart.

Subsequently I visited Mother Ann and the Elders, three times, before I fully concluded to abide by their counsel. It was revealed to me that they were the people of God, and I was fully persuaded that I was called to accept their testimony, and to take up my cross against a sinful life. I made mention of this to Father James Whittaker, and he said to me, 'It is the gift of God.'

Soon after this I made a confession of my life to Elder John Hocknell and also to Father William Lee. Once, I saw Mother Ann and the Elders at Steventown and attended worship with them. Several persons stood by the door, as spectators, and Mother, invited them to come in and take part in the service. I was at meeting in Hancock Mass. at the house of Stephen Fitch. A mob gathered around the house while Father William Lee was speaking. Several of the brethren went out among the mob but Elder John Hocknell advised us all to return to the house. Mother Ann then spoke very kindly to these persecutors but they were very unreasonable in their replies, and in their false accusations.

It was of but little consequence to this reckless mob what the words or actions were, if they could only find some pretext whereby to accuse Mother Ann and her followers. They asked Father William what he had to say; 'I am clear of your charges, before God and his angels.' Mother Ann, Father William and Hannah Kendall were,

however, arrested and tried and fined \$6.25 each." Such is the injustice of a hypocritical and sectarian jury.

"At one time I was engaged in the hauling of lumber to Albany. My wagon was formed of only one long board, one end of which was attached to the forward axletree, and the other of the board to the rear one. On my return home I overtook six sisters who had been on a visit to Niskeyuna, now Watervliet. They belonged in Hancock, a distance of 30 miles. By invitation, they accepted a ride on my carriage for some ten miles, which brought us to the residence of my parents. My mother accommodated them for the night, and soon after breakfast they left for their own homes. We now learned that these sisters had only a few days previous traveled from Hancock to Watervliet, on foot.

About three years previous to the gathering of the church at New Lebanon, N. Y. I accompanied Father Job Bishop, John Barnes and David Darrow on a journey to Alfred, Gloucester, Canterbury and Enfield."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

BE MINE TO LOVE IN TRUTH.

JOHN WHITELEY.

A love sincere, intense,
Can never be concealed,
While what is mere pretense
Will clearly be revealed.
Be mine to love in truth,
If not so much is shown—
The aged and the youth
Reap from the seed I've sown.
If in humility 'twas sown
And watered with my tears,
The harvest fully grown
Will leave no place for fears.

God's blessing will attend
The toiler in His field,
And tho' life's labors end—
Kind acts will increase yield.

Shirley, Mass.

A CALL FOR MERCY.

EUNICE WYTHE.

[This poem was composed by sister Eunice while she was held in bondage to the relations of the world.]

Father of mercies hear the cries
That rend my feeble breast
Redress my sorrows, hear my sighs
And answer my request.
Kind Mother on Mount Zion's height
An outcast child behold
Let mercy's hand unlock the gate
And lead me to thy fold.

I mourn and sorrow like a dove
Thy mercy to obtain
My soul depends on mother's love
To bring me home again.
O God I look to thee for power
To cut this cruel chain
If thou wilt burst the prison door
I'll not return again.

Dear Brethren ever kind and just
Where charity belongs
Who are at Mother's banquet blest
Remember those in bonds.
Dear Sisters who in love combine
And feast at Mother's board
Unite your prayers to God with mine
That I may be restored.

Ye pure attendants of the Lamb
My fervent prayer receive
That I may ever bless the name
That does my soul relieve.
Bright Angels spread your wings around
And be my swift convoy
To bear me safe to Zion's ground
The seat of peace and joy.
But if 'tis best to stand the test
And patiently endure
Lord may I have beyond the grave
A refuge with the pure.
Let patience stand at my right hand
To keep me meek and mild
That I may wait a better state
Completely reconciled.

Harvard, Mass.

IDEAS OF INSPIRATION.

JASON POOL.

The Church was established by Divine revelation, and the leaders, afterwards, were, no doubt gifted with inspiration to lead the people. It is quite possible for a person to be inspired and not be fully aware of it, the quantity being very small.

Although the principles of the gospel are not contrary to reason, yet, human reason may not always be sufficiently developed to comprehend the gospel plan, hence it was necessary to discard this lower phase, when it came in contact with revelation.

Reason, in man, is of a progressive nature, and on this account he was destined to come to a point where he could see and understand for himself. When we take a survey of the great progress that has been made in the arts and sciences; and the many useful inventions that have been discovered, we are inclined to believe that the capacity for comprehending the philosophy of the christian religion is pretty well developed.

On the whole, mankind seem to be very much opposed to the investigation of any theological subject with an unprejudiced mind especially if it should result in establishing a doctrine which would come across their own natural feelings and inclinations. Some are very slow to give up preconceived opinions, and unless they obtain positive evidence to the contrary, will cling unyieldingly to them. On this account it is highly necessary that some should be able to throw a clear light on the darkness of theory and speculation.

It may be necessary for some one to do for theology what Sir Isaac Newton

did for natural philosophy. All who believe in a kind Providence, must also believe that when there is a necessity which belongs to a superior power to supply, it will eventually be supplied.

Implicit faith in modern revelation is becoming very weak. Transgressors will commit all kinds of crime and then claim to be inspired. In view of this fact, one writer well observes:—"I believe in the revelation of God: in modern as well as in ancient revelation. But it is to be considered that a revelation to me is not necessarily a revelation to others. No person is under obligation to believe a thing because it has been revealed to me, unless I can show him convincing evidence that such a thing has, indeed, been revealed from God.

Neither am I obliged to receive a thing because another says it has been revealed to him. It may be a revelation to him, but it is not therefore a revelation to me: neither am I bound to believe it on his testimony. If the thing be revealed to me by the Spirit, I know it to be true from the testimony of the spirit, but if it be revealed to another, I cannot receive it without the proof."

Hancock, Mass.

HEROES.

ELIZETTE SUTTON.

There is much said in this day, about heroes; heroic deeds are performed by thousands of people, who are highly applauded. Too much cannot be said in commendation of valor and heroism. Very many individuals can tell of remarkable examples of courage witnessed in the hour of great peril.

We have read of a fire occurring in

one of the large publishing houses of New York city, where a young woman was seen in one of the upper story windows, holding to the outside casement with an iron grasp, while the smoke completely enshrouded her form. There she was alone in that awful moment of terror shrieking for aid. She was rescued from the maddening flames, by men of courage, who braved the danger, at the risk of their own lives. Was not this heroism?

Heroes will, and must have their own renown, though renown does not make heroes.

The lives of some persons are full of similar acts. On the spur of the moment, noble deeds are often performed deserving of great credit. Such characters exercise almost superhuman effort, to bring about great results.

We find on record, a host of adventurers who with a genuine ambition, have climbed the heights, and explored the depths of science, till its voice of wisdom speaks through their living senses, and develops the unknown to the people at large, so that, what was once veiled in obscurity, becomes familiar even to the populace.

A light flashes from electric fluid, and starts the world with its bearings.

A cable reaches from continent to continent which carries the latest news with such rapidity that in a few moments the two worlds become familiar with what is transpiring of interest to either. Wires are stretched across the country, on which plays the electric current, relating facts by a simple click, click, that the human voice would utter far and near.

Steam operates by magical power, and forces a long line of coaches through

the country, crowded with travelers on every conceivable mission. Schemes of persistent daring are acted by the men of our times, who are forward in hope. They have come up to a height of physical and spiritual pressure, that pushes them on toward the truths of science, and the might of reform in all its bearings.

The world has known its Newton, its Franklin, as well as the principle scientists whose intelligence has shone with splendor, through the vista of ages; they have gone out of sight, but have left their light to illumine present and future posterity, and to mingle with greater and more powerful agencies and agents, that will yet crowd the stage of action.

Research is not only a word, but a practical reality; a disenthralled active mind, embraces it tenaciously and affectionately. Working heroes still walk the halls of science with ambitious feet.

Hail to the great Chieftain! Washington, the anniversary of whose birth we so kindly celebrate. The hero's path is not a flowery one, it is evidently strewn with thorns, his oft bleeding feet and manacled hands told of severe trial, and dangerous ways to pass over, before the shout was re-echoed from shore to shore of an independent nation. He did not live to himself, but unto the race and unto God; the divinity was stirred within him, and he lighted the fires of truth and justice in the hearts of the people. It still burns far and wide among the heroes of our times. Well may his deeds be rehearsed and adored by the multitude of today. They are emblazoned on banners that float in a free air.

Too many are willing to spend their lives in a passive condition, without

power to perfect or promote the happiness of others by a single act of self-denial. They think that all the sweetness of life is locked up in their own selfish hearts; their pleasures arise from narrow minds and untaught lives.

When will the heroes of the cross of Christ, stand in a more conspicuous light in the ranks of the brave? A seed has been sown that will yet bear its fruit in that direction. The spiritual horizon is brightening, and God will say again, "Let there be light."

People of enduring fortitude are working in fields of progress. No wider range of thought has yet filled the mind in the interest of the political, or scientific world, than will yet fill it in the religious world. When the battle is turned to the foes of our "own household," and all impurity is slain by the sword of truth; then devotion to principle, to the higher laws of being, will be our crown of rejoicing.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y.

THE CONSCIENCE AND FUTURE JUDGMENT.

I sat alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased,
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased;
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.
The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things,
Were alive with a terrible might.
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face—
Alone with my conscience sitting
In that silently solemn place.
And I thought of a far-away warning
Of a sorrow that was to be mine,

In a land that then was the future,
But now is the present time.
And I thought of my former thinking
Of the judgment-day to be;
But sitting alone with my conscience
Seemed judgment enough for me.
And I wondered if there was a future
To this land beyond the grave;
But no one gave me an answer,
And no one came to save.
Then I felt that the future was present,
And the present would never go by,
For it was but the thought of my past life
Grown into eternity.
Then I woke from my timely dreaming,
And the vision passed away,
And I knew the far-away warning
Was a warning of yesterday.
And I prayed that I may not forget it,
In this land before the grave,
That I may not cry in the future,
And no one come to save.
And so I have learnt a lesson,
Which I ought to have known before,
And which, though I learnt it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience
In the place where the years increase,
And I try to remember the future
In the land where time will cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

—Exchange.

A BRAVE AND HONEST MAN.

Formed on the good old plan.

A true and brave and down right honest man!
He blew no trumpet in the market place,
Nor in the Church, with hypocritic face,
Supplied with cant, the lack of christian
grace;
Loathing pretense, he did with cheerful will
What others talked of, while their hands
were still.—Whittier.

Act well at the moment, and you have performed a good action to all eternity.

SHAKER MANIFESTO. SEPTEMBER, 1882.

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NOTES.

Occasionally we have placed before us an illustrated article referring to the cultivation of the mind, which appeals so directly and so largely to our best judgment that we take pleasure in making reference to it. In the American Phrenological Journal for July we have the portrait of a West African boy, a King's son, at the age of 13 years, and then another portrait of the same individual after a cultivation of six years by the missionaries of that country. The contrast is remarkably clear and withal very interesting.

The change is, probably, no more than might be wrought out on the mind of a white boy and for this reason it should become a valuable lesson to all who are interested in the advancement of humanity.

We all understand very well that a neglected garden soon becomes overrun with weeds and many of the valuable plants may be wholly or partially ruined, and yet this is no more apparent than it is that the neglected or undisciplined mind, in a few years, become careless, coarse and sensual.

On the other hand the careful gardener destroys all the weeds and useless plants and makes his garden a place of profit and of pleasure. Too much cannot be said in encouragement of the care and culture of the mind; to afford an education that will banish ignorance and superstition.

It must prove very satisfactory to know that a change can be so effectually wrought, that even a few years of right doing will efface many of the marks of transgression, and that by faithfully living in the works of righteousness we may be redeemed from all wrong.

Clean hands and a pure heart must aid very largely in forming an acceptable offering. Destitute of this simple preparation, all forms and ceremonies lose their vitality and the service of worship becomes a representation of the letter which killeth.

Whatever we may be led to do, the best that we have in our possession should constitute our gift for presentation before the Lord. Mutilated offerings must prove as objectionable in this day, as in the early religious history of mankind. The Apostle, evidently had this

thought on his mind when he wrote that it was a "living sacrifice, holy and acceptable" that should be prepared. Anything less than this would be selfish and destroy the very object for which the offering was made.

Cleanliness comes very near to godliness. To reach this desirable state make frequent use of the bath. A variety of ways have been proved to be quite beneficial for the health, such as plunge, hand, towel, sponge or shower bath. One in limited circumstances can bathe effectually with one quart of water, while the more fortunate can use a more liberal supply. The temperature of the water should be made agreeable to the one who uses it. By some advisers, water at 75 degrees would be called cold; others prefer a lower temperature. Use a little common sense and you will not be harmed: without this, bathing, like eating and drinking may be carried to a ruinous excess. We have known persons to plunge into a bath which was at freezing point, and others to stand on the ice for a shower bath. These may be heroic for cleanliness, but destructive to health.

Study some good work on the subject of bathing and then follow the directions for your own health and for the comfort of your friends.

MT. LEBANON, N. Y. Dis. No. 12.

Calvin G. Reed teacher. I visited this school on the 13 of Jan. I found everything in perfect order, and can speak in the highest terms, both of the teacher and scholars. The school-room was in perfect order, supplied with globes, charts, maps, Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and every thing that is needed for teacher and scholars. The

order was perfect and recitation superior to schools in Columbia County. The attendance was the best in the Second Commissioner District, being 95 per. cent. The teacher's success did honor to himself as a teacher, and honor to the Society.

Penmanship was one of the good qualities of the school, but reading was a success. The pronunciation was clear and distinct. Each word was accented correctly, and the scholars understood what they read. I was well pleased with the reading exercises.

The interest the Shakers take in education is very commendable. I regret that more of our Public Schools do not take a deeper interest in our schools and bring them up to the standard of the school at Mt. Lebanon.

The teachers attend the Institutes and Association, and are ready to catch every new idea or new method; therefore their teachers are well posted in all the New Methods now in use.

Isaac T. Haight.

School Commissioner.

The North Family at Mt. Lebanon maintain a private school and afford their pupils the best of advantages.

Correspondence.

Mystic, Ct. August 1, 1882.

F. W. Evans, Dear Friend:—Could not a company of your people attend our annual peace meeting, to be held the 23rd. and 24th of August? We hold large meetings and need aid. The meeting is to be held in the usual place on the west bank of the Mystic River. If you could bring some singers too, it would help us a great deal. Please answer soon.

Yours, with much respect,
Fred. E. Whipple, Sec.

Mt. Lebanon, N. Y. August 5, 1882.

Frederic E. Whipple, Dear Friend: Your kind invitation to attend with a company of singers your great gathering for the noble purpose of bringing War to an end, is at hand. I assure you nothing would give me more pleasure than to be in your midst and to bring with me a band of our spiritual singers. I would also dearly enjoy your singing, and to hear the eloquent utterances of your speakers, both male and female, would be a high intellectual treat. Also, to meet and greet such friends of Peace and advocates of virtue as gather around your honored President, Alfred Love and Amanda Deyo, would be good for my constitution of both body and mind.

The primary causes of War must be fearlessly sought out. When these are found, the Mystery of Iniquity will be revealed.

Light makes manifest! What is it in human nature that in a straight, makes physical fighters out of intellectual nonresistants? In an emergency, wherefore do even the Friends, furnish their quota of soldiers? Indeed, may we not candidly ask ourselves; Why it is that War has been and is, so nearly universal?

Effects so wide spread, so general, must have producing causes that are equally present in the hearts of human beings everywhere. What are they? Can they be removed? If so, by whom and through what agency? Perhaps, when the Peace advocates adopt the Buddhist principle of "Thou shalt not kill," the axe of reform will have been put to the root of the evil tree of War and violence.

Another Buddhist principle is; Use no intoxicating beverages. How much of the war-spirit of the English nation, and of the Anglo-Saxon race in general, is due to their Bull-beef diet, we may come to know before we cease to grow in grace and in the knowledge of God and nature. It is certain that a few flesh-eating Englishmen hold in subjection the millions, of rice-eating men, women and children of India.

The Americans are a meat-eating people, and until the last quarter of a century, were eminently a pork-eating people. That they are a fighting nation is not disputed; and if

the Egyptian Israelites had more diseases than the toothless Americans, no wonder the Lord changed their diet for forty years,—medical treatment.

When Temperance lecturers, first began making converts, they did not preach total abstinence from beer, cider, or even wine. Neither did Lincoln begin the Civil War with Slavery emancipation, but with it he ended the war and slavery together.

Is it not thus with Peace-advocates? Beginning with; Thou shalt not kill human beings, nor eat them, they will end flesh-eating and War together by simply saying, Thou shalt not kill.

It is possible that I, with one brother, may appear in your midst as spectators. I should so love to witness your proceedings. But it is quite uncertain.

With most fraternal greetings.

Your Friend, F. W. EVANS.

Oswego, May, 1882.

Dear Manifesto;—Your sweet, little face so welcome to us, has been missed from our fire-side since the Jan. No. came to hand, and we infer that our subscription has expired. Enclosed, please find am't. for one year's renewal, and consider us a life-subscriber. You have entwined yourself around our hearts, and become one of the necessities of our earthly existence.

And now a word to our dear brethren and sisters greeting: As John the Baptist preceded the first advent of Christ in the person of Jesus, and as the primitive Christian church gave promise, before its extinction, in the second and third centuries, of its permanent foundation in the "latter days," so do you as an organized body of harmonious and loving, practical christians, give hope, and promise, that the time is at hand, when the leaven of true Shaker principles, will leaven the whole lump of humanity. Ye are a light unto the world, therefore, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works and glorify our Father which is in heaven," and let the little Manifesto go into the hearts and homes of all God's children, who are ready to receive it, with its precious fruitage of joy, and peace, and purity, and "the angels bright, from their homes of light" will

continue to aid you in bearing the burdens of its care and sustenance.

We venture to say, that there are millions of people in this broad land, who have never heard of such a people as the Shakers, much less, are familiar with the principles of which they are the living exponents. How truly in this case, as in others, do the words of our dear Lord apply when he said, "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few." May our Heavenly Father bestow still more abundantly, the means whereby the "Manifesto" can be sent all over this broad land, with the tidings that there is a happy, God-fearing, man-loving people living above the law of "mine and thine" in fraternal unity and love. Where there are no Prisons, Almshouses, or Insane Asylums; where there are no homicides, suicides, embezzlements, or adulteries, clearly showing who are the followers of Jesus, for he said "Ye shall know them by their fruits."

We would if time and space permitted, gladly enter upon the discussion of the analogy between the historical events of the time of Jesus the Christ and the events of these "latter days." For instance, we have our Pharisees, Christians so-called, Sadducees, called materialists, Essenes, and Nazarites in the garb of the Shakers, and those who have dealings with "familiar spirits," called Spiritualists. And our boasted nineteenth century civilization, with its concomitants Church and State, already past the zenith of their power, weak and enfeebled with the accumulated vice and crime, of centuries. Is it not like the ancient Roman Empire, tottering toward its down fall in fulfillment of the prediction of St. John in the Apocalypse? Do not the "signs of the times," point to this approaching advent of the "True Church of the Living God," as clearly as they did, at its first appearing?

We have done. We have thrown out these few thoughts feeling quite confident they will not escape the attention of the "children of light," and now may the "peace of God which passeth all understanding" prevail and continue at the homes of our brother and sister Shakers until none shall say, "Know the Lord: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."

B. F. Bailey.

Canaan, Four Corners, N. Y. June 3, 1882.
Very pleasantly remembered, Elder Henry; I send you, according to request, an article relating to life and adventures among the Indians of the North West. I often go back in memory to the days spent among them. I expect the memory will follow me to the end of my life. Most of those have passed away with whom I spent my twelve years of early manhood; those who were children then, are only left to remember, me now. I hope it is to them a grateful remembrance. I know it is so to me; for very pleasant were the days I spent among them. I still cherish for them the deepest affection, and their wrongs have grieved me to the heart. I hope to meet them in a world better and happier than this—free from the many wrongs and miseries which they have had to endure from merciless and rapacious white men; for which I consider our Government in a measure, answerable. I have known but few good Indian Agents. The majority of them have been a disgrace to the race, men who could practice, with impunity, every kind of iniquity. The liquor which they have introduced among the Indians has slain its thousands. The Indians knew nothing of "fire water" till the whites introduced it. With drunkenness, came every other vice. Hear what Ke-che Be-zhe-ka (Big Buffalo,) of the Lakes, once said to me on this subject:—

"When the Pale Faces came across the Big Waters. (*Ke-che Gah-me,*) there were straight paths running through all our forests. One warrior walked in them. They were very narrow. But one warrior's feet went straight forward. It did not hurt them to walk in straight, narrow paths. But the Pale Face could not walk in them. His toes turned out. He was trying to walk two ways at once. He could not walk straight. His ways were crooked. He taught our people to drink 'Fire Water.' He taught them to steal. He came creeping into our wigwams, at night. He crept in like a mouse, that nibbles the children's corn. He had long fingers—so long that they would reach to the bottom of the *mo-koks* (birch bark boxes.) He stole all the women's sugar out of them, made of the juice of the maple-tree. And when our people told him of this, and he

opened his mouth to speak, we saw that he had two tongues. One tongue laid very still, the other moved very fast. *The lying tongue walked the fastest.* It is like the brook that runs over the stones. None can stop its babblings."

We are all well and feel thankful for your pleasant visit among us. Love to Eldress Joanna, and the other sisters—your associates. Yours with much love.

GRANVILLE T. SPROAT.

[The following beautiful letter was written by our aged mother, Eunice Bathrick of the Society of Harvard, Mass. and addressed to the Elders of the North family at Mount Lebanon. Sister Eunice has lived with the Believers since early childhood, and has now reached her eighty eighth year.]

Harvard, Mass. 1882.

Dearly Beloved Elders;—While sitting by my window, this fine pleasant morning, and listening to the birds, as they chant their hymns of praise to the Author of all Good, my spirit is drawn to you, my precious friends, and all the dear ones in your Order, many of whom seem to be present, as I take my pen, to address you. Were it not for this soul communion, my spirit would hunger, and thirst more deeply; but this sustains me, and bears me up, as I journey to the land beyond.

I often feel the presence of loved ones, who are still in the form, and take pleasure in their visits; still I sometimes crave something more tangible; and so I inquire: "How are all the good Elders,—dear Brethren and Sisters at the North Family, Mount Lebanon?"

By letters received from Canaan by sisters, M. and E. we learn of the beautiful spirit manifestations with which you are blessed. We hope we may be like favored, in our turn.

I long to hear the voice of our spirit friends, through whomsoever they may choose, as mediums to convey their messages, even if it is through little children.

It is true, I enjoy the presence of the dear loved ones who have long since passed the river, and they comfort me, and give me strength to bear the infirmities of age; but I wish for the sake of others, that we may have something more tangible,—some further

proof of their presence than any thing which I can convey.

I earnestly pray that something may take place, to draw the mind,—the attention of the young and inexperienced from worldly pleasures, and all that attracts downward.

If they can once gain an element in spiritual things, worldly pleasures soon loose their charms, or so I found it, and I think I am not an exception in this case.

Never-ceasing thanks to Mother Ann's first born; for this; for had they not shown me the beauties of the more excellent way,—and heightened my aspirations to obtain a growth in the work of purification while in my youth, I might have fallen, as some of my companions did in the hour of trial. But when this time came, my love for the pleasures of nature was gone; and I had nothing to look to, but to press ahead, and win the prize.

The sooner the young can find an element in the work of full consecration, the easier it will be for them through life. They never can fully realize the benefit thus derived, only as they travel.

I have seen those who had never felt the necessity of giving up all, while young, when the trial of their faith came upon them, later in life, their struggles would be so great, that they could hardly resist them; and some of them fell by the way.

When I saw cases like these, it heightened my veneration and gratitude to my early teachers, for through them, I was made able to stand in the hour of trial, and temptation.

All I can say in my own behalf is, that I obeyed their teachings in general: but when I deviated, an awakened conscience soon drove me to confession and repentance. Thanks to the Power of Good for this.

I feel that I am, and ever shall remain a debtor to my Heavenly Parents and the guardian spirits for all I possess; and am likewise dependant on the saints in, as well as out of the form for much of my support.

I feel that the time is drawing near when the veil will be lifted, and many who now dwell in Zion will see things in a very different light from that which they now appear to them.

Till this time arrives, we must continue to

wait, hope, pray and trust; for the true and honest hearted will not pray in vain. Our Heavenly Parents never turn a deaf ear to their children's cry.

I hope these lines will find you, and yours in health and prosperity,—enjoying the rich bounties of heaven, which your faithful labors so truly merit.

And may the good spirits in your order, never leave the field, till all Zion's inhabitants are brought into union and harmony of sentiment; having one faith, and one baptism; the baptism of the true Christ spirit unmingled with worldly elements. We shall then be prepared for the harvest of souls.

Accept love from all, as we have a great store for you, and circulate as you may feel.

Devotedly Yours,

EUNICE BATHRICK.

Mount Lebanon, 1882.

Beloved Sister Eunice Bathrick,—

"Prayers and provender hinder no man's journey" is a Spanish proverb. I am going to prove it this morning by writing you. We are remodeling, or repairing our Old Believer's dwelling house. They did well with it. We are trying to do better. This is about the sixth time we have made the attempt. 1st. We put an addition to the North end, in which is our beautiful Meeting Room. 2nd. We dug a cellar under the North part of the house, in which we put a Boiler for heating the whole house with steam. The steam also goes to and warms the Sister's Shop, some six rods away. Heavy iron Radiators, weighing about 600 lbs., have done good service in warming 26 rooms and keeping the house from blowing over by the powerful East winds that used to tumble down the mountain like a cataract of water, until arrested by the growth of the Union Grove, containing some 70 varieties of trees. Now we have peace, when the East wind roars only a short distance away. 3rd. We added a story to the top of the house by merely raising the ridge 2, or 3 feet and putting on a flat, instead of a steep roof. 4th. We added to the South end of the house, rooms for the Elders and Deacons to labor and lodge in. 5th. Outside, we built a Rain-water Cistern that receives the water from three large and

two small roofs. 6th. We are digging the whole length of the house, on the East side, 10 feet wide, from 8, to 13 feet deep. This will make Coal Reservoirs, one at the North and one at the South end of the house, with an Oven in the middle, adding space to the Kitchen and Bakerroom. Two old single brick Chimneys we take down and build one good double brick chimney in place of them—connect the fire from Boiler and Oven with the new chimney at the South end, by 73 ft of 19-inch Tena Cotta Flue Pipe, under ground.

Why should we be bound by matter? In the Spirit World, the material elements are more plastic than here. Progressive minds can change, model and remodel to express their inward thoughts in outward things, quite easily. But dull, sleepy souls can have every thing "just as it used to was"—as long as they please. Time, there, is condition. There are souls in the spirit spheres, who remain, for age upon age, in the same state—Jesus visited some of these long ago people. Then they saw a great light and heard the last trump, saying "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Some did awake, saw, heard and went up one degree. But you, dear Mother Eunice, will never thus die.—You are Resurrected—The body clogs your spirit somewhat, but just as soon as you drop it "Glory to the Righteous" will be the first salutation you will recognize—Friends will flock around you like doves to the windows, and after a little rest, amid much rejoicing, you will have your field of labor assigned to you. Work will be given that will be worship. To do good, to less favored ones, will be your meat and drink. Love from all of the North Family.

F. W. Evans.

Society Record.

DEATHS.

Abraham Whitney, at Shirley, Mass., Aug. 9. Age 97 years, 4 months. Was a musician in the war of 1812. Had been with the Society about 67 years. A very worthy brother.

Juvenile.

FABLE.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

A wolf having a bone stuck in his throat, hired a crane, for a large sum, to put her head into his throat and draw out the bone. When the Crane had extracted the bone, and demanded the promised payment, the Wolf, grinning and grinding his teeth, exclaimed: "Why, you have surely already a sufficient recompense, in having been permitted to draw out your head in safety from the mouth and jaws of a wolf."

In serving the wicked, expect no reward, and be thankful if you escape injury for your pains.—*Æsop.*

I CAN AND I WILL.

How many boys there are who can, but never do, because they have no will-power, or if they have, do not use it! Before undertaking to perform any task you must carefully consider whether you can do it, and once convinced that you are able to accomplish it, then say, "I will do it," with a determination that you will never give up till it is done, and you will be successful. The difference between "Give up" and "I can't," and "I can and I will," is just the difference between victory and defeat in all the great conflicts of life. Boys, adopt your motto, "I can and I will," and victory shall be yours in all life's battles. "I can and I will" nerves the arms of the world's heroes to-day, in whatever department of labor they are engaged. "I can and I will" has fought and won all the great battles of life and of the world.

I know a boy who was preparing to enter the junior class of the New York University. He was studying trigonometry, and I gave him three examples for his next lesson. The following day he came into my room to demonstrate his problems. Two of them he understood, but the third—a very difficult one—he had not performed. I said to him: "Shall I help you?" "No sir," he answered, "but I can and will do it, if you will give me a little more time." I said: "I will give you all the time you wish." The next day he came into

my room to recite another lesson in the same study. "Well, Simon, have you worked that example?" "No, Sir," he answered, "but I can and I will do it, if you will give me a little more time." "Certainly; you shall have all the time you desire."

I always like those boys who are determined to do their own work, for they make our best scholars, and men, too. Again Simon entered my room, I knew he had it, for his whole face told the story of his success. Yes, he had it, notwithstanding it had cost him many hours of the severest mental labor. Not only had he solved the problem, but what was of infinitely greater importance to him, he had begun to develop mathematical powers which, under the inspiration of "I can and I will" he has continued to cultivate, until to-day he is professor of mathematics in one of our largest colleges, and one of the ablest mathematicians of his years in our country.

My young friends, let your motto ever be, "if I can, I will."—*New York Evangelist.*

LETTER BOX.

Enfield, Conn. May, 1882.

Dear Children;—You are sowing on the field of life. Be sure that the seed is good. Now is the time to sow seeds of truth and virtue. Golden opportunities are often not valued till they are gone. Sowing "wild oats" is a poor investment; sowing to the spirit yields a good return for expenditure. You cannot sow "tares" and reap wheat. You cannot walk the broad road and the narrow path at the same time. You are sowing the seeds of life and happiness, or of death and misery. "You'll surely reap the harvest from the seed you daily sow; you scatter thorns or roses, what you cultivate will grow." "Thorns never bear figs nor thistles grapes." Each field produces a harvest of the seed sown; each act of your lives is a seed sown, which will produce a crop, and the harvest will be the same as was the sowing, not something else. If you sow "tares" you will reap vices.

"One year's weed, seven year's seed."

Let the product of your lives be such as you will be proud to garner. Be pure, then each act will be a fruitful seed. Sow the seeds of truth and virtue, then the blossoms will be

the perfect ones of hope and cheerfulness, and the fruit, real happiness and joy. "If you sow the seeds of sin, corruption you will gather in; if you to the spirit sow, life eternal you will know."

Think not lightly of these things. Guard well the gaps through which temptation enters your souls. There is a powerful incentive to gain the overcomer's reward. There is honor and eternal life before you. Your hearts are rich in possibilities, but as you sow you will reap golden grain or anxious weeds.

Your brother,
Daniel Orcutt.

Shaker Village, N. H.

Our Dear S.;—Your oft repeated request for a letter has not fallen upon a dull ear, nor appealed to a heart unconcerned in your welfare. We never look upon you without hoping and earnestly desiring that you may ever be an honor in the Virgin Church; unspotted, unblemished, ever growing, and finally ripening into a glorious spiritual womanhood,—a fruit which shall be acceptable to your Father and Mother in God.

Your earthly parents have given you in prayerful dedication upon the altar; it remains with you to consummate the sacrifice.

There is no power on earth able to overthrow your foundation if it is fixed upon heavenly principles; if you daily commit your life to God through prayer, earnest trust and simple obedience. These are the safe guards of youth; the companions of middle life; and the staff of old age. Be wise in the improvement of your time. Learn to accept life's trials and obligations in such a way, that they will serve to refine the mind and polish the manners. In the time being, they may seem of but little account; but as the days and years pass away, you will find that interest is borne to you in the degree only, that you have accumulated, grain by grain, your treasure. If you improve all the little opportunities for culture, as they come to you, and every day offers them, you will thereby enlarge your capacity for doing good in whatever field you may be called to labor. Every opportunity neglected is a seed sown for future repent-

ance. Let us just here transcribe a few lines which we once came across, entitled "Opportunity."

"Say who art thou with more than mortal air
Endowed by Heaven with gifts and graces rare,
Whom restless, winged feet forever onward bear?
I am occasion—known to few, at best,
And since one foot upon a wheel I rest,
Constant my movements are—they cannot be repressed.
Not the swift eagle in his swiftest flight
Can equal me in speed, my wings are bright;
And man who sees them waved is dazzled by the sight.

Whom then so close behind thee do I see?
Her name is *Penitence*; and Heaven's decree
Hath made all those her prey, who profit not by me.
And thou, O mortal, who dost vainly fly
These curious questions, thou dost not descry
That now thy time is lost, for I am passing by!

Is not this a beautiful portrayal of the sad idea of lost opportunities?

A motto suspended in the Ironing room, which has attracted our attention many times suggesting thought, reads thus; "Our life is what we make it."—Our dear young friend, may your life be made happy by cheerful obedience to divine precepts, by fixing your affections upon enduring, heavenly things, rather than upon earthly objects and perishable pleasures. The latter promise much, while they confer the least; the indulgence only widens the distance between the soul and its eternal peace.

Could we picture your future as that of an earthly queen, the position would be far inferior in our estimation, to that of our sweet angel sister, clad in robes of purity, and wearing the coronet of virtue, this, we anticipate for our Sister. Hold on to Truth, it will outlive all trial; hold on to Purity, it is the gem of all gems; the pearl of great price, the passport to the courts of the redeemed in Heaven, where you shall continue to grow in the love and favor of the Highest Intelligence. We shall ever love and pray for you. Your Sister,

E. Martin.

A young clergyman having preached for Dr. South, one day, was anxious to get a word of applause for his labor of love. The grave doctor, however, did not introduce the subject, and his younger brother was obliged to bait the hook for him.

"I hope, sir," he said, "I did not weary your people by the length of my sermon to-day?" "No, sir, not at all; nor by the depth either." The young man was silent.

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THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATED PRESS, to which **THE BOSTON DAILY GLOBE** and **SUNDAY GLOBE** belong, has recently been reorganized, and has leased a special wire from New York to New England of the Western Union Telegraph Company. On Monday, August 14, **THE BOSTON GLOBE** began to receive its general news on a wire which runs directly into its editorial rooms from New York, the great centre of news of all kinds. Two or three papers in the country have special wires to Washington, but we believe this is the first instance in American journalism where a daily newspaper has been able to secure its general news on a special wire into its editorial rooms.

House-hold.

* Use wire-rope for clothes-line. It saves annoyance, is cheaper in the long run, and much more convenient.

GOOD COOKIES.

- 3 cups of sugar
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup sour cream
- 1 teaspoonful saleratus
- 1 " " cream tartar

Flour to stiffen, roll thin, or drop, bake in a hot oven.

To Repair Cracks in Walls.—Equal parts of plaster of Paris and white sand, such as is used in most families for scouring purposes, mixed with water to a paste, applied immediately and smoothed with a knife or a flat piece of wood will make the broken place as good as new. The mixture hardens quickly, so that it is best to prepare but a small quantity at a time.—*Exchange.*

Breathing Dirty Air.—Think of the air of church, theater and crowded parlor. Go into such from the fresh air an hour after the company has assembled. How heavy the air with personal effluvia and rebreathed breath. Pah! these delicate women have no thought of what they are doing. Offer such an one a cup of ditch water; would she drink it? Would she drink it if it contained even a speck? No. And yet think of it: in unventilated rooms and crowded assemblies, we inhale dirty air—air which has washed out other lungs than ours, some of them probably in a state of disease! Such air contains personal impurities, particles from the lungs, uncleanly odors. Such air drawn into sensitive lungs—lungs which are only waiting to spring into inflamed conditions—creates disease. God gives us pure air. Is it not a sin and a shame that we do not keep it pure?—*Dr. Hamilton Osgood.*

The sick room should be quiet, cleanly, and well aired. Label all medicines. Poison should be placed above the reach of children. A good nurse has a very steady hand, a clear head, and a kind heart; she is not talkative or nervous. Avoid arguments with the sick; do not tease them with business; do not sit or lean on the bed. If a friend calls on a patient their stay should be very short. The practice of visiting the sick on the Sabbath is a very poor one; that day often thus becomes the most fatiguing of all of them. As a general thing do not go into a sick room unless you go to help and not to talk. Do not deceive the sick; deceit breeds suspicion; they will worry lest you are "keeping something from them." To persuade the dying that they will recover is treason against the interests of the soul. It soothes and cools a fevered patient to wash them with warm water in which saleratus or soda has been dissolved.

A Correspondent replies to an inquirer, that chestnuts properly prepared, make an unrivaled addition to puddings, macaroni, potatoes, and many other articles. In this respect they are superior to the cocoanut, having a finer flavor and being more digestible. They are used in the East for stuffing poultry, and are admirable for this purpose.

Scalds, and Burns, and how to treat them. The very simple remedy which we give has been thoroughly tried in our Society, for burns and scalds, both severe and light. It gives precedence, in our esteem, to all other articles, for its superior curative effects, its simplicity and cheapness. It would be well for every housekeeper, especially, where there are children, to keep on hand a vial of this mixture for any emergency.

Take any quantity of linseed oil, according to the extent of surface burned, add to this, lime water, stirring all the time until it changes to a whitish color and becomes about the consistency of thick cream. Have also, prepared cotton-batting sufficient to cover the inflamed surface, upon which spread the mixture evenly and quickly; see that every spot showing the least inflammation, is closely covered with the dressing, and there will be but little pain and a speedy cure.

In many cases no other dressing would be necessary. If the burn is severe, it would require a longer time to heal and need a frequent application. Should the cotton get dry, remove, and wet in the preparation, covering the surface again as quickly as possible from the air. Continue this treatment until the inflammation has subsided and no farther difficulty need be apprehended.

This treatment is equally good for frost bites.—*Cantebury N. H.*

Fowls seem exceedingly grateful for the gift of cold water. They never swallow a drop of it without turning up their eyes to heaven.

Sour milk and butter-milk are excellent food for all kinds of poultry, especially turkeys, ducks and geese. When thickened with shorts, bran or meal, it is very nourishing diet for young fowls.—*Exchange.*

Leg weakness may be prevented or cured by giving in the feed a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and one of sulphate of iron (copperas) for every dozen fowls, once in two weeks, and continued until cured.—*Exchange.*

Feed your poultry on raw onions, chopped fine, mixed with other food, about twice a week. It is better than a dozen cures for cholera.—*Exchange.*

"HERE AM I."

CANTERBURY, N. II.

1. O Father, with the sig - net Of thy un - dying love, For-
 2. Wouldst Thou di-rect me thith-er O'er yon tempestuous flood, My
 3. Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth, And gladly will o - bey; What-

ev - er seal my spir - it, That I thine own may prove.
 faith in Thee is anchored, Thou knowest my best good.
 e'er Thou wouldst, my Fa - ther, Make known to me, I pray.

Teach me to know Thy voice, Though tem - pests may de - fy;
 And when I hear Thy call O may I e'er re - ply
 What - ev - er cares op - press, What - ev - er int' - rests try,

p f
 Let me be clothed with grace To answer, "Here am I."
 With true sub - mis - sive heart My Father, "Here am I."
 I'll trust my all with Thee And answer, "Here am I."